A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MICROSCOPE.

MAGNIFYING SMALL OBJECTS 500 TIMES, WILL BE MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS ON THE RECEIPT of 25 cents, in silver, and one red stamp. Five of different powers, free of postage. $1.

Address, F. BOWEN, Lock Box 114, Boston, Mass.

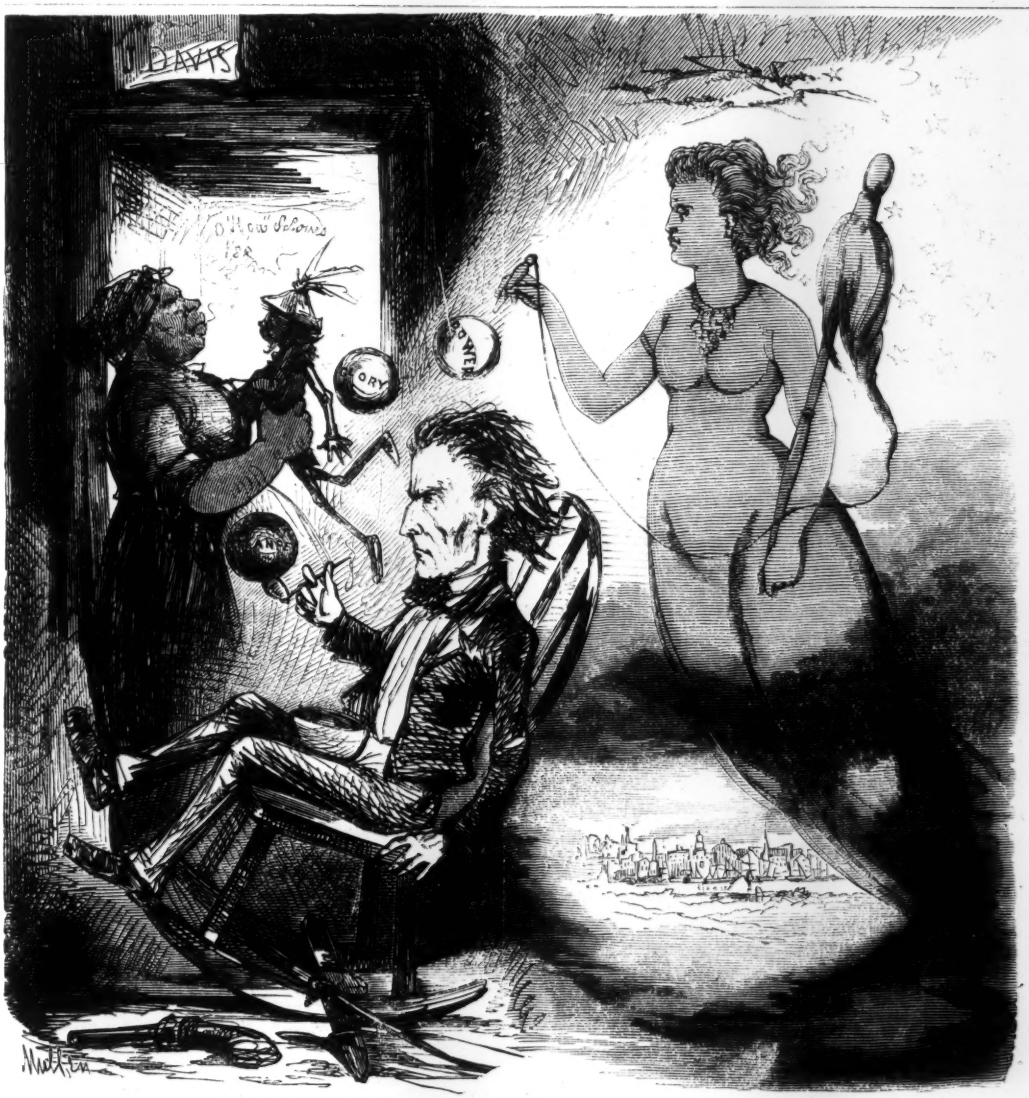
VOL. 4. NO. 102

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

DECEMBER 7,

1861.



BLOW FOR BLOW.

LET LITTLE JEFF. DAVIS KEEP BLOWING HIS BUBBLES,
TO NOTHING HIS MIGHTIEST EFFORTS MUST DWINDLE,
FOR THE SPIRIT OF INDUSTRY HASTENS HIS TROUBLES,
BY BURSTING HIS SOFT-SOAP BALLOONS WITH HER SPINDLE.

PRICE THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

tered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New-York.

Capt. Wilkes takes THE RESPONSIBILITY.

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS OF

CAPT. WILKES, U. S. Navy.

Hon. JOHN SLIDELL,

Hon. JAMES M. MASON,
Confederate Commissioners.

For sale by

E. ANTHONY,
501 BROADWAY,

Price 25 cents each. Can be sent by mail. Remittances may be made in postage stamps. Also, E. I. DUPONT, and 500 other eminent Americans. Catalogues sent on receipt of 6 cts. imp.

STACKHOUSE'S OLEATE OF ROSES.

A most superior and efficacious remedy for the prevention and cure of chapped lips and hands, and all inflamed and irritated surfaces. Ladies will find by its use that it will keep their lips and hands as soft as velvet. It heals like magic—say those who have used it. Prepared only by

DAVID L. STACKHOUSE,
Chemist and Druggist,
Handel and Haydn Hall,
8th and Green sts., PHILADELPHIA

WARD & PARRY, PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS and Importers, (Successors to H. W. Derby,) 625 Broadway. Are selling their own Publications, together with all the current miscellaneous issues of the day at partly reduced prices.

They publish the following:

POPULAR BOOKS OF WIT AND HUMOR.

The Widow Bedott Papers, 12mo., cloth,	1 00 60
Mrs. Partington, by B. P. Shillaber,	1 00 60
The Sparrowgrass Papers,	1 00 60
Riley's Humors of the West,	1 00 60
Brougham's Humorous Irish Stories,	1 00 60
Miss Slimmens' Window,	1 00 60
Prentice's Wit and Humor,	1 00 60
Letters of Jack Downing, 12mo.,	1 00 60
Jack Downing's Yankee Stories,	1 00 60

From other sources WE LEARN THAT QUININE IS SELLING at $9 per ounce, and Brandreth's Pills $100 per gross: gold—not currency in the South.—N. Y. Illus. News.

HAWKES'S

Celebrated Gold Pen,

GEORGE F. HAWKES,

MANUFACTURER,

64 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK.

Keeps constantly on hands, Pens of all sizes and qualities. Gold and Silver Screw Cases, Pen-holders, Tooth-picks, &c., at prices to suit the demand.

All the above goods are fully warranted, and finished in the best manner, and stamped with manufacturer's name.

The Trade most liberally treated with.

Single pens, or any of the above goods, sent by mail, free of charge, to any part of the country, on receipt of price.

Pens repaired in a superior manner for 30 cents, inclosing the amount in three-cent Postage Stamps.

ORDERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

Send for Circular containing prices.

STEAM JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,

44 ANN STREET.

CHAPIN & McKAY,

"VANITY FAIR" PRINTERS,

Newspaper, Book, Job and Card Printing neatly executed on the most reasonable terms, and with dispatch.

IMPROVED Gutta Percha CEMENT **ROOFING**

It is water-proof, and *Costs only about one-third as much as Tin,* AND IS TWICE AS DURABLE.

THE CHEAPEST and most DURABLE ROOFING in use. FIRE and WATER PROOF. Applied to New and Old Roofs of all kinds, and sent to all parts of the country with full directions for use. Send for a Circular

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT ROOFING.

JOHNS & CROSLEY,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.
78 WILLIAM ST.,
(COR. LIBERTY ST.),
NEW YORK.

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT, FOR preserving new and repairing LEAKY METAL ROOFS of every description; WILL NOT CRACK IN COLD OR RUN IN WARM WEATHER.

Agents Wanted. *Terms Cash!*

JOHNS & CROSLEY'S AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE, FOR CEMENTING WOOD, LEATHER, GLASS, IVORY, CHINA, MARBLE, PORCELAIN, ALABASTER, BONE, CORAL, &c., &c., the only article of the kind ever produced which will withstand water. Liberal terms to Wholesale dealers.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

JOHNS & CROSLEY, Sole Manufacturers,

Wholesale Warehouse, 78 William st., cor. Liberty.

PROSPECTUS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR 1862.

THE JANUARY NUMBER WILL COMMENCE THE NINTH VOLUME OF this Magazine. Its very large and still increasing circulation is a gratifying evidence of public approval, and no industry will be spared to render the forthcoming volume adequate to the requirements of times so pregnant with great events as those of to-day. The life of the Republic, the best interests of the nation, demand of literature a manly and generous action, and the conductors of this Journal will remit no efforts in enlisting the best talent of the country to support with vigor and eloquence those opinions and principles which brace the great public heart to stand firm on the side of Freedom and Right. An elevated national american spirit will always be found illustrated in these pages. The ATLANTIC MONTHLY will never give other than the best literature, and it will be the constant aim of its conductors to render its variety greater and its attractions better each month than the last.

Among the contributions already in hand for 1862, the following will commend themselves as sufficient inducements for every family to provide the forthcoming numbers for household reading.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ will begin in the January number a series of articles on Natural History, and other kindred topics, to be continued from month to month throughout the year. The name of so distinguished a man of science in connection with this announcement is a sufficient guaranty of the great benefit to be derived from his monthly contributions.

A New Romance, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, will appear in the pages of THE ATLANTIC early in the year.

A New Story by the late THEODORE WINTHROP, author of "Cecil Dreeme," will be commenced in the January number.

Dr. GEORGE B. WINDSHIP, well-known for his remarkable experiments in Gymnastics, has written for THE ATLANTIC "The Autobiography of a Strength Seeker," giving an account of his method of training for feats of strength, with advice on matters of Health.

The author of "Life in the Iron Mills," and "A Story of To-Day," will contribute a series of Tales during the year.

Articles by Prof. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, on topics of national interest, will appear frequently.

BAYARD TAYLOR has written a story which will be printed in the February number.

The Staff of Writers, in Prose and Poetry, contributing regularly to the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, comprises, among its popular names, the following:

James Russell Lowell.	Oliver Wendell Holmes.	Mrs. H. B. Stowe.
Henry W. Longfellow.	John G. Whittier.	Harriet Martineau.
Ralph Waldo Emerson.	E. P. Whipple.	Charles Reade.
Nathaniel Hawthorne.	Bayard Taylor.	"The Country Parson."
C. C. Hazewell.	Charles E. Norton.	Rose Terry.
T. W. Higginson.	George S. Hillard.	Harriet E. Prescott.
Author of "Life in the Iron Mills," & "Story of To-Day."	Henry Giles.	Rev. Robert T. S. Lowell.
	Rev. Walter Mitchell.	J. T. Trowbridge.

TERMS. Three Dollars per annum, or Twenty-five cents a number. Upon the receipt of the subscription price, the publishers will mail the work to any part of the United States, prepaid. Subscriptions may begin with either the first, or any subsequent number. The pages of THE ATLANTIC are stereotyped, and back numbers can be supplied. Specimen numbers furnished gratis.

CLUBBING ARRANGEMENTS. Subscribers to pay their own postage. Two Copies for Five Dollars; Five Copies for Ten Dollars; Eleven Copies for Twenty Dollars. Postage 36 cents a year.

INDUCEMENTS FOR SUBSCRIBING. Lists of Premiums, etc., furnished on application to

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers,
135 Washington, BOSTON, MASS.

VANITY FAIR

With number 80, "Vanity Fair" commenced its Fourth Volume.

The success of this periodical has demonstrated the fact that a first-class

HUMOROUS ORIGINAL PAPER

can be sustained in this country.

To the past we point fearlessly as an evidence of what we will do in the future with increased facilities and the material aid which an appreciative Public has given us. It will be the aim of the Publisher to preserve the high tone of the Journal, and while its efforts will be to sustain in

OUR NATIONALITY,

it will not be found hesitating about striking at corruption or shams in high places whenever the public welfare demands it.

Asking for nothing but what is right, and fearing nothing that may be wrong, we shall strive always to be open and just in our censures, while at the same time we shall not hesitate to approve that which is honest and true.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy one year	Postage unpaid	$2 50
" "	" paid	3 00
Two Copies one year (to one address)	paid	5 00
Five Copies one year (to one address)	unpaid	10 00
One Copy one year and Worcester's Quarto Dictionary	unpaid	6 00

BOUND VOLUMES.

Single Volume	Postage paid	$2 00
Three Volumes (1, 2 and 3)	" "	5 00
Three Volumes (to California)	" "	6 00
Three Volumes and copy of paper one year, books prepaid only		7 00
Three Volumes " " "	(to California) books prepaid only	8 00

Remittances must be made in Gold, New York or Eastern Currency, or other Currency at New York par. Seal all letters securely, and address plainly to

LOUIS H. STEPHENS, Publisher & Proprietors,
No. 100 Nassau street, New York.

Advertising Rates of Vanity Fair.

Title Page, 50 cents per line, occupying 1-3 the space across the page.

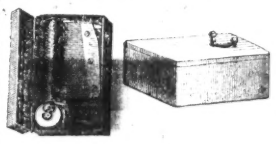
Title Page, $1.50 per line, across the page.

Second Page, 25 cents, wide column.

" " 10 cents, narrow column.

Small Pox has al. READY SACRIFICED SOME OF OUR BEST and bravest troops. Soldiers, listen to the voice of reason; supply yourselves with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. The Pills purify the blood and strengthen the stomach, while the Ointment removes all pain, and prevents pit marks. Only 25 cts. per Box or Pot. 2m.

GREAT MUSICAL BOX DEPOT. M. J. PAILLARD, Importer, 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Has for sale the most extensive assortment in the country, at prices varying at Two to Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars, each playing 1, 2, 3 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16 and 21 airs.



BEAUTIFUL TOY BOXES FOR CHILDREN.

BOXES TO SUIT ALL AGES AND TASTES. Call and examine them!

Fine Gold and Silver Watches Cheap for Cash.

MUSICAL BOXES REPAIRED.

CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, LIPS, &c.—Certain cure and preventive. HEGEMAN & CO.'S Camphor Ice with Glycerine will keep the hands soft in the coldest weather. Sold by druggists generally. Price 25 cents; sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents. HEGEMAN & CO., Chemists and Druggists.

A **NEW LOCAL STORY** NOW READY IN

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY

(The best Story and Sketch paper published)

ENTITLED

THE DEFRAUDED HEIRESS;

Or, The Stepmother's Plot.

By James Reynolds, author of "The Stolen Bride," "Long Hank," and "Hermit of the Ottawa."

In "The Stolen Bride" and "Long Hank" and "Hermit of the Ottawa," Mr. Reynolds gave evidence of great vigor and power, and stamped himself as a romancer of no mean reputation; but in giving to the world "The Defrauded Heiress," he has placed himself in the front rank of the great writers of the day.

It is a story of life in a great city, founded on fact, and in it are brought to view all the lights and shades of society. Most people have but an imperfect idea of the snares and pitfalls set to entrap the unwary, not only in low life among the hovels of the poor, but among the wealthy and powerful and apparently respectable.

We think we may safely say that

THE DEFRAUDED HEIRESS

is the most powerfully-written romance which has been placed before the public for many years.

☞ Do not fail to read the opening chapters.

The NEW YORK WEEKLY is sold by all respectable News Agents in the United States. The price is FOUR CENTS, but in some cases, where Agents have to pay extra freight or postage, a higher price is necessarily charged. When there is a news Agent in the town, we desire our friends to get the WEEKLY through him. We do not wish to mail the paper except to places where there is no other means of getting it. When sent by mail the price will invariably be $2 a year, in advance. Subscriptions taken for three months. Two copies will be sent for a year for $3, four copies for $6, eight copies for $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs of ten, and send us $15 at one time, will be entitled to an extra copy for their trouble. The bills of all solvent banks will be taken at par for subscriptions. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents extra with every subscription, to prepay the American postage.

STREET & SMITH,
Editors and Proprietors,
11 Frankfort street, New York.

THE ONLY TRUE AND RELIABLE SOUTHERN BONES.

THE SLEEPER AT HIS POST.

We learn from General McClellan's last order that in future those who sleep when on guard will be shot.—This is proper, but we have also the right to demand that the Medical inspections shall be such as to admit to the army none who are incompetent from youth, or disease, to stand the severe exactions of martial life.—*Daily paper.*

A great battle is near at hand.—Thousands of wounded men will cumber the path to Richmond.—The Winter is almost on us.—Our sick will multiply.—Where are our hospitals?—What punishment will be too severe for those who neglect to provide for emergencies so certain and yet so readily foreseen.—*Daily paper.*

How silvery were the wheat fields' lances
And green the bannered corn,
What time the last year's harvest
Tossed in the summer morn.
And red o'er hill and valley
The buckwheat stubble blushed,
And there the hickory crimsoned,
And there the dogwood flushed.
But brighter than the lances,
The lances of the wheat,
And gayer than the greenery
That fills the summer scenery,
What time with plume and pennon
Green fields the gazer greet;
Ay, brighter, yes, and gayer
Along yon silent river,
A wood of gleaming bayonets
In morning sunlight quiver;
While plume and lance and pennon
Flash on the wond'ring sight,
And there are met the brave and strong,
Our loved, our dearest ones, our own,
Brave heart, clear head and stalwart arm,
All whom the North in thunder's tone
Hath summoned to the fight.
But redder yet and sadder
Than erst October's leaves,
And darker than the crimson stems
Of garnered buckwheat sheaves,
O'er hill and vale this autumn
Drear lie those precious stains,
The eager blood which hurried
Through manly Northern veins,
And leapt with shame's quick answer
To many a Northern face,
When Sumter's story woke the land
To know its own disgrace.

A hundred camps are sleeping,
And fast the darkness falls,
While wide and far o'er vale and hill
The sounds of human life grow still
Save when the sentry calls.
And further yet and further,
Ringed round the slumb'ring camp,
The wakeful warders listen
And sounds the pickets tramp.
"What ho!" the guard is passing,
No sentry answers here,
They bend above a prostrate man
Half anxious, half in fear.
Was this the vengeful bullet
The dark assassin's task?
For him some hearth shall sadden,
For him a mother ask.
"Dismount and raise him gently,"
They bend with bated breath;
Alas! the soldier sleepeth—
Far better were it death;
For sick and faint and weary
This one of all the host
Forgetting duty, honor, faith,
Hath slumbered on his post.

Asleep in his Bureau drawer
The Head of the Medicos lies;
Waking a little, for rations of victual,
Just by way of supplies.
Fast and sound asleep,
Snug in his Bureau drawer,
Little heeds he the ringing camps,
Little the waiting war.
And oh! 'tis a thing most dear
To slumber life away,
To dream they've made you a Brigadier,
And waken—to draw your pay!
Ah! well must the Doctor sleep
Who knows he has the power,
To dose two hundred thousand men
At any given hour.
And jolly in dreams to think
We had taken Jefferson D.
And he'd ordered fifty surgeons
To dose him with Senna tea.

But hush! through the startled air,
There is sound of shot and shell,
Does he hear the cracking bones
Where the whizzing Minié fell?
Does he hear the crash and cry
Where the cruel sabres wave;
Where the cups of death are red
With the vintage of the grave,
And again on dark Manassas
Rolls down our Northern tide,
And through Kanawha's vallies
Virginia's fate is tried.
And thy bloody ground, Kentucky,
Is the soil of blood once more,
Where the dust of battle rises
With the mist of human gore.
And alas! o'er hill and valley
From Virginia to the Plains,
What a sum of human anguish
What a world of human pains!
They had all that art and science
Could give to arm the fight;
Where is now the skill so tender,
That maketh anguish light?
Must they die for lack of shelter
Our sick and wounded, they,
For whom the whole heart of the North
Yearns sorrowful to-day?

Wake up, wake up, thou sleeper!
On red Manassas lie
Ten thousand crushed and smitten;
Nought hoping save to die.
But alas! that ancient sleeper,
Is wrapt in slumber dumb;
Will he dream beds for the wounded?
Could he think of this to come?
And upon the Rip Van Winkle,
Of the dusty old Bureau,
A sad and dreary vision,
Shall fall with sudden blow,
When the sick and hurt and dying
Of all that victor host
Shall curse, with pallid faces, him
Who slumbered on his post.
What though the levelled musket
Of comrade and of friend,
May never deal just fate to him
Who wrought this bitter end?
From many a hearthside weeping
That should not need to weep
The moan of many a widowed heart
Shall break that guilty sleep,
When first our sad and startled homes
From Kansas to the coast,
Shall learn, their eyes with sorrow dim,
What fate their wounded met from him
Who slept upon his post.

THIS IS A PORTRAIT OF THE FINE OLD LIVERPOOL MERCHANT WHO FANCIES THAT HE IS FOLLOWED ABOUT EVERYWHERE BY AN "AMERICAN SPY!"

From Our Special Art Gossip.

Says ACRE to OCHRE, as they were whiling away the twilight with a little game of Euchre:

"How came CHURCH to turn animal painter? I saw his Arctic Dog at the exhibition of the Artist's Fund Society."

"You see CHURCH always painted trees well," replied OCHRE—"one could tell them by their Bark; nothing could be finer than a dog for that kind of study, you know; nothing more difficult."

"But the Arctic Dog has no bark," suggested ACRE.

"Ah! so he hasn't, though!" cried OCHRE; "wasn't it cunning of CHURCH to select one for his first essay, then!"

"His Speech betrayeth him."

"Heard you ever that the Rebel YANCEY was an Irishman?" asked the Younger, glancing over his morning paper.

"Never, by my halidame!" quoth the ELDER, stoutly.

"Yet it must be so," said the YOUNGER; "for in his speech to the London Fishmongers, this YANCEY exclaimed, that his confederacy did desire recognition, "by the Powers!"

"Now by St. Nicholas of York!" cried the ELDER with a laugh, "the YANCEY's oath doth in fair sooth smack of the right Hibernian!"

Question for a Debating Society.

As to whether Shaker Hosiery is adapted for people of Steady Habits.

Government Sinking Fund.

The appropriation for the STONE FLEET.

NUMBER THREE.

In the records of coincidence, Number Three has always been an unlucky figure; it has a bad name. The third time a drowning man rises to the surface is the last. "The third time is the charm," says the spooney man who has already been twice repulsed on the great matrimonial question "Wilt thou not be mine?" He catches a tartar, I does—three to one on that. "Two's company—three ain't," remarks the ancillary damsel when she has a Sunday out and want to have JOHN all to herself. Three golden balls, dangling over a doorway, mark the residence of the Uncle of mankind, signifying that the odds are three to one against any of his nephews or nieces ever profiting by the relationship. "Three removes are worse than a fire," as most people are inclined to think about the first of May. The weird sisters in *Macbeth* are three in number; and a famous old song records how three men of mature years were turned out into the cold by a King of ancient times, because they confessed themselves incapable of contributing to the harmony of the occasion in song:

> "When good King ARTHUR reigned,
> He was a convivial king,
> Three old bores he turned out of doors
> Because they could not sing."

The Graces were three in number, to be sure; but we have it on the authority of a hitherto unpublished PEPYS of the period that they were all Disgraces to their family. Every Irishman knows that it is the four-leaved shamrock, not the three-leaved one, that should be worn for luck. CERBERUS was represented as a dog with three heads, and an ugly dog at that. Threepence is used scornfully as a standard value for anything that is worth nothing. Finally, such is our distrust of Number Three, that if we had but three teeth left we'd have one of them drawn, and so get rid of the difficulty.

And this pleasant allusion to the teeth reminds us of Gnashville, selected now as the Third capital of the Confederate States. One—two—three!—and the drowning man sinks to the bottom, as we have said before. Ponder well upon the new capital of the C. S., no longer Nashville, Tenn., but henceforth Gnashville, Three! Number Three is going to be strych-Nine to the Confederate States. Let us sing their Threnody. Three times Three!

Epigram.

> "Have you heard of the great loss DAVIS had,
> A very few days ago?"
> "Another battle?" "'Tis worse than that."
> "His people's confidence?" "No;
> The utter loss of his memory."
> "What have you got to show for't?"
> "Read his message—you'll see it there—
> *He forgot the taking of Beaufort!*"

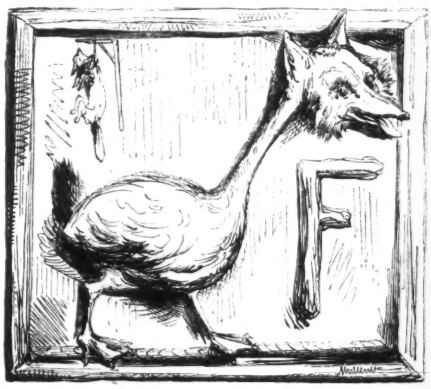
Will he?

PIERRE GUSTAVE TOUTANT DE BEAUREGARD informs the seceshers through the veracious columns of the *Richmond Whig*, that immediately after the war is concluded he will "retire to private life." P. G. T. DE B. in this instance, and possibly for the first time in his life tells the truth. His life after the war will be private—in a cell we hope. BENEDICT ARNOLD retired to private life after the War of the Revolution. Public men who betray their trust and country, invariably retire to Private Life. However private his life may be, P. G. T. DE B.'s exodus from it will be, if he gets his deserts, quite as public as was that of HICKS on Bedloe's Island.

Discontented Fellows.

What will satisfy the rebels? We have offered them BANKS, we have tendered them WOOL; we have provided their aristocracy with a chief BUTLER and yet they abuse us. Despite our BANKS they cry for money; in defiance of our WOOL offering, they are wearing Shoddy and vexing Cotton, and notwithstanding the BUTLER, are growling at their empty Larder. What will please them?

HARDEE MADE EASY.



FEW of our readers can have failed to observe that, for sometime past, there has been no association manifested between this series of papers and the work known as "HARDEE'S Tactics." The time has now arrived for declaring that there never can again be any association between them. When we adopted the name of HARDEE for our military essays, and when we undertook to make him easy, we little knew how that revolted, if not revolting person, or at least, another revolted if not revolting person of his name, who will serve to point our moral as well—was even then engaged in base intrigues against his country. We used to think of HARDEE, the great tactician, as not that man but another man. We thought of him always in connection with some loyal parade ground, such as Washington Park; and the worst thing we ever attributed to our imaginary HARDEE was that, in the still summer's morning, he might have shocked the early seamstresses passing through that enclosure, by the recklessness of his imprecations as he swore at the newly sworn in recruit. He generally loomed to our mind's eye, HARDEE did, as a foreground figure in a picture of West Point, under a glowing Star-spangled-banner sky, painted after the manner of Church. But, suddenly, the newspapers converted our mind on the subject of HARDEE. We found his name inscribed upon the rag-roll of the rebel rout, and thenceforth, so far from harboring any desire to continue making HARDEE easy, we felt ourselves called upon to do the very reverse. In pursuance of this sentiment, then, while still retaining the name of HARDEE at the head of these articles, we shall arrange for leaving that person and his tactics severely out of them, and follow a military road of our own. Thus may deserters meet ever with their deserts!

In our last number, enlarging upon the newest kind of cannon, we alluded to the danger arising from certain retrogressive effects attributed to the missile of the ARMSTRONG gun. On this subject we have since been furnished with an anecdote, which may be taken as perfectly authentic.

During one of the many trials experienced by the hollow monster in question, the lead stripped away from the conical bolt, soon after its exit from the muzzle, and, flying off at an eccentric tangent from the ellipse, scattered in a blinding storm of plumbean rain among the platoon of artillerymen drawn up in line a little on one side. There was not a perceptible movement in the ranks; but, an hour or two afterwards, when the officer in command gave the word "Eyes Right!" it was discovered that there were no eyes left. This we have on the authority of an Eye witness. It was a proud triumph of discipline over human feelings, and shows us how expedient it is for the soldier to have a contented mind.

Another inconvenience belonging to the ARMSTRONG gun is the extreme sharpness of the report, by which many a Cut will yet be caused even before the engine is perfected. The artillerists who work these pieces are obliged to stuff their ears with cotton of the longest possible staple and most Sea Island quality, on which account the news of our success at Port Royal will probably be received in England with delirious joy.

Next to an old charger, turned into a paddock to graze and die, there are few sights more touching than that of a rusty old cannon, say a thirty-two pounder with broken cascable and trunnions out of gear, lying, overgrown with weeds and brambles, in the corner of a lonely field. By the wayfarer who drags his weary steps through the red Jersey mud that has to be traversed in going from Hoboken toward the Palisade Heights, a melancholy object of this kind may be seen. For some years past it had been a cherished theory with the writer of this article, that a great battle had been fought upon the field where that rust-eaten old relic of the past lies bedded in the bank. Tradition seemed to dwell within the piece—or it might have lodged there, at least, had not the bore been filled up with rubbish by the hands of idle and worthless boys. The writer of this article went so far as to base a historical romance upon the circumstance of that old gun, dating it about the period of the first Dutch settlement. While occupied upon this work, it occurred to us to make some inquiries relative to the history of the piece, with which intention we lately visited the spot. There was a large boy seated upon the gun, on the breech of which he cracked shellbarks with a STONE. We asked him whether his great-grandfather happened to be alive and well, and anywhere in the neighborhood, so that we might converse with the good old man about the gun. The boy was probably a call-boy attached to one of the Bowery theatres; mark his reply. He answered that he not only never had a great-grandfather, but that such an incumbrance would have been *unnecessary to the dénouement of the Piece*, which had been dragged there and used within his own memory, for the purpose of testing the iron plates with which the STEVENS Floating Battery is cased.

We have no further interest in that gun. It is a very disgusting object, and a disgrace to any respectable neighborhood. Why doesn't old ASTRAGAL of the Ordnance take it away, and set it up among the other old fossils in the private marked battery, to which it should properly belong?

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

TO THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

SIR:—Do you propose to show at the Great Exhibition of 1862?

If so, please fill the enclosed blanks, and return to,

JOSEPH E. HOLMES,
61 Canal St.
Local Agent.

We do propose to exhibit, and we fill the enclosed blanks, as follows:

Name.	Address	Area of Floor.	Area of Table.	Area of Wall.	Average Height.	Remarks.
What's in a name?	Bland, gentlemanly and distinguished.	We were never floored in our lives, and we are not coming to London to submit to any such degradation. No floor, if you please.	The head-seat behind the soup would suit us to a ricety. We shall want more area after dinner than before. Make the table tolerably wide.	We decline becoming a wall flower under any circumstances whatever.	We cannot tell, as we are continually growing. Say about 500 feet more or less.	We reserve our remarks until called upon to return thanks at the Banquet. We shall then open in fine style upon Pam and *The Times*.

Vanity Fair, Exhibitor.

Forgetting and Forgiving.

When once his allegiance a rebel forgets,
All other things follow—his honor, his debts;
He's for getting our forts, he's for getting our guns,
In short he's for getting the country at once!

And what do we do when he cuts up a shine?
We forgive him of course, "to forgive is divine:"
Forgiving? it drives a man out of his wits;
I'm for giving—*all* rebels—for giving them fits!

The Old Police.

Every now and then, the Law Reports remind us that the claims of this ancient and respectable body of men still remain unsettled. Why doesn't somebody do something in the matter, and so get rid of a business that has long since become distressingly monotonous? Some of the "Old Police" are so old, now, that though their case is before the Supreme Court, they "cannot see it." One lively old fellow tells us that he is co-eval with the Stuyvesant Pear Tree, and proposes, jocularly, to carve a permanent Mayor for the City out of that ancient relic, when it falls. Perhaps he is right; it might do as well as any other WOOD.

Dix's Land.

Accomac.

A SCENE AT BEAUFORT.

1st *U. S. Zouave.*—I say, Bilger! how do you like being "welcomed with hospitable hands to 'a bloody grave?"

2nd *ditto.*—Oh! it suits—fill 'er up again.

Steeple-Chasing.

When Colonel Friedman's cavalry made their tremendous charge at the close of the review on the Potomac, they very nearly ran down Colonel Church, of the New York *Sun*, who was taking notes of the affair, on horseback, and escaped only by hard riding. This could have been no joke for Colonel Church, and we are glad to hear that he got off so well; but We must have our little joke about it, in justice to our anxious readers, who will be so kind as to look for it in the heading of this paragraph.

Naval Architecture.

The Government has just dispatched a Stone fleet for the purpose of obstructing access to certain Southern ports. There is a Mortar fleet in course of construction at St. Louis, and we have plenty of Bricks on hand: taking all which in connection with the fact that the Chief Mason of the Rebels is safely boarded in at Fort Warren, we think that our Walls—including Wall street—are rather more secure than theirs, at present.

Ammunition for the South.

By the late mails from England, we learn that Messrs. Ward and Yancey, Confederate Commissioners, had dined with the Fishmonger's Company of London. This is a very suspicious circumstance; as it is known that the Company referred to has any quantity of Shells on hand, and might be glad to Open them for negotiation to the rebel commissioners.

Reflection from a Cowcatcher.

It is a singular fact, amounting, indeed, to a paradox, that every Conductor of a lightning train is an On Conductor.

A RIGHT MERRY BALLAD.

On His Honor's Late Speech.

Fernando, the crafty, the country was hard on,
At the speech he got off at the German Volks-Garten:
And he made, let us own it, some masterly strokes,
For like a Dutch Uncle he cozened the Volks!
Though down, down, very much down.

Knowing well their devotion to all that is free,
(For a scoundrel though Wood is, no blockhead is he,)
He cunningly harped on the treble idea,
And they drank in his blarney along with their bier!
Down, down, very much down!

"New York has no rights," there his vision grew dim;
(He forgot we'd the right of not voting for him!)
"But Hamburg, sweet Hamburg!" ('twas Humbug, he meant!)
"Were I there, (and its Mayor!) I would still be content,
Not down, down, very much down."

He was down on all checks upon acting and thinking,
He went in for license—except upon drinking!
Free speech and free lager—goods, free of all duty—
In short for all free things—(including Free Booty!)
With his down, down, very much down)

We agree with his Honor, and beg to propose
One point he omitted—forgot, we suppose:
Let the Government give him—he's so fond things foreign,
(And loves so the Rebels,) free lodgings at Warren!
Put him down, down, very much down.

A Chance.

Should our naval service need a few score of desperate and ferocious Boarders they can be had at any of our Twenty Shilling boarding-houses—warranted to carry all before them. They are armed to the Teeth, and their "great appetite will have stomach" for anything.

DIPLOMACY AND GRAMMAR.

V. F. begs leave, most sincerely, to condole with Master Lyons upon the severe nigging which he has lately received from the Old Schoolmistress of *The London Times*. It is a hard case, just for not having syntax at the tip of ones tongue, to be taxed with sin, to be ear-boxed and hair-pulled, and snubbed and birched. Things have come to a pretty pass, if, for not knowing how to parse, a man is to be treated like a heathen Parsee. The poor British Embassador, as our Special Washington Correspondent informs us, is now closeted, day and night, and is denied to all comers. Wise men say that young Lyons is constructing, with difficulty, another letter to Secretary Seward; but we who are not wise, know better. His juvenile Lordship is studying Lindley Murray in his seclusion. He recites every day to a private tutor (Dr. Pangloss) who is famous for coaching young gentlemen where education has been neglected. Pangloss shakes his head, we are told, and says that little Lyons doesn't improve at all; and that if he isn't more careful, he will never get into his Law of Nations; but now that old Lady Times has taken him in hand, we predict that he will soon write the most diplomatic nonsense in a style of unrivalled fluency and elegance.

About as Bad as They Make.

"Can any of you," asked the Botanist, blandly; "can any of you tell me why Uncle Sam, after the Mexican War, was like the King of Bavaria when enamored of the late Countess of Landsfeldt?"

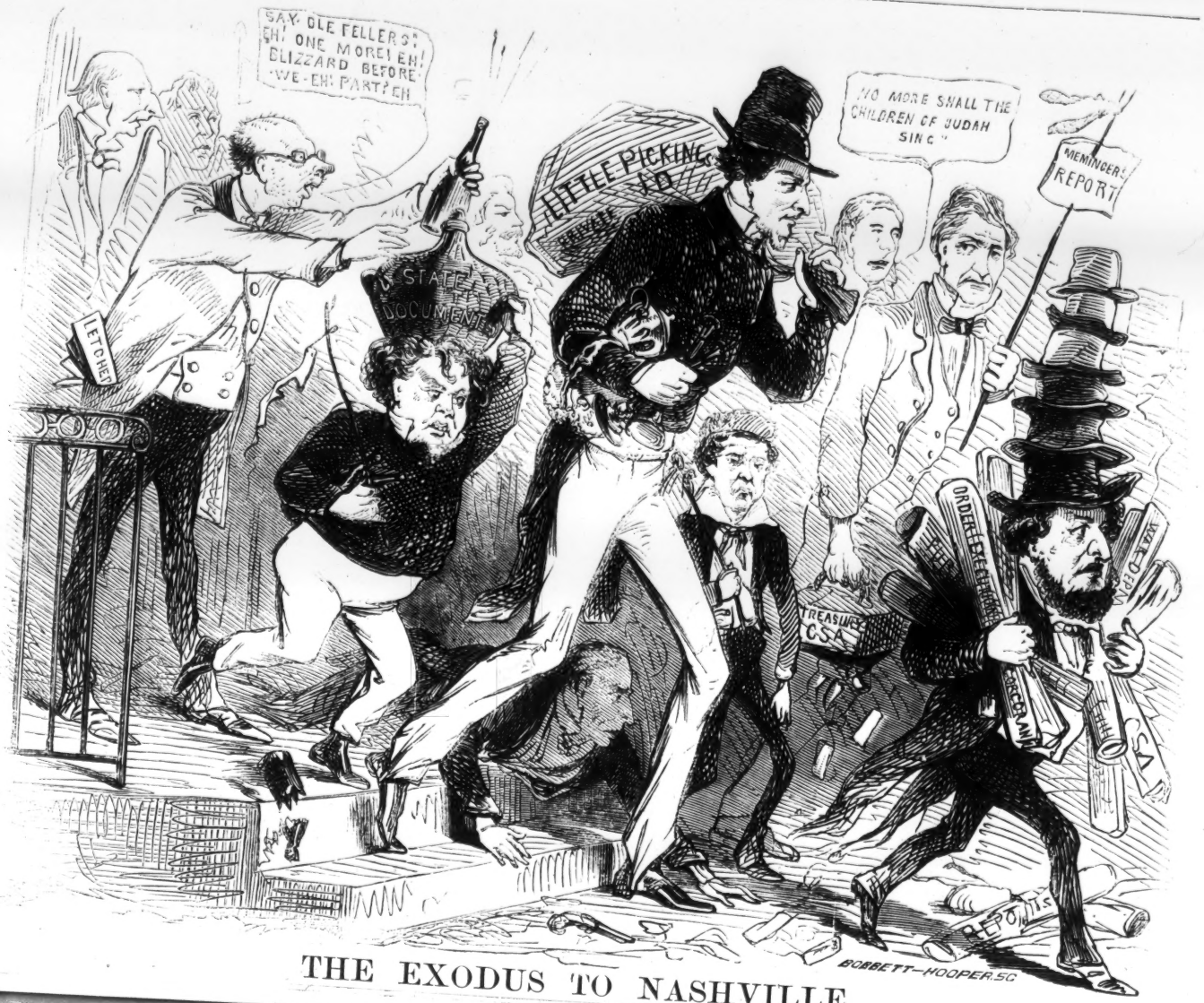
Not one was impolite enough to guess it, of course.

"Then, let me tell you," resumed the Botanist, "that it was because he had to pay dearly for the Hauls of the Montez humors!"

They all went away, and left the Botanist alone with his great desolation.

Sentiment by a Call-Boy.

The news in the Secesh papers is like a low-comedy man's face; it is all Made Up for Effect!



THE EXODUS TO NASHVILLE.

VANITY FAIR TO JEFF. DAVIS.

SIR:—After having fled from the gates of the Capitol of the Republic, you still abuse the patience of mankind, by maintaining at a safe distanee the semblance of a power you do not possess, and issue proclamations and messages in solemn burlesque of all the forms of Civilized and Free Governments.

Your last State Paper, although the worst of all your political compositions, is entitled to some notice even at the hands of VANITY FAIR, chiefly on the ground that, it is the object of this Journal to amuse itself with the folly of the wise, and the wisdom of fools.

After a careful reading of your message, we have not been able to detect the motive of its composition. It reads more like the nerveless plaint of a sick and disheartened traitor, than the clear and logical utterance of a conscientious and sagacious Statesman.

It is mainly made up of exaggerated accounts of Confederate victories—of baseless accusations against the Government of the U. S. and the humanity of its citizens and soldiers, and an equal mixture of defiance of, and sycophancy to Foreign States, with repeated appeals to the Providence of the Almighty for aid in your Cataline Conspiracy, and a gross libel upon His Holy Truth.

Some few illustrations will suffice for our present purpose.

You say—"The condition of the Treasury will doubtless be a subject of anxious inquiry." We did not before know that you had a Treasury. You must long ago have expended all the money you stole, and although in possession of several mints, the world understands that you coin your currency with the Printing Press. You say—"The Government is enabled to borrow money *without interest.*" Then you are luckier than any empire we have heard from. You propose to make your Treasury Notes a legal tender for debts due "Corporations and Individuals," and think this will "enlarge the field of their circulation." This will succeed for a while—*at the point of the bayonet.* You see a strong point in the convertibility of your "Treasury notes into Confederate Stock at the pleasure of the holder, bearing 8 per cent." Mr. President, "this reminds us of a little story"—as our excellent Rail Splitter so often good humoredly says. A certain shiftless husband was always trading dogs, and kept a ravenous kennel of them on hand. When the family were on the verge of starvation, he got rid of all except Boace, a very large Newfoundlander. Finally at the urgent entreaties of his good and patient wife, he started off with Boace for a market. At nightfall he came back in high glee, and announced to his wife that he had sold Boace. The little woman was transported. "How much did you get for him dearee?"—"Fifty dollars," responded this prince of financiers with exultation—Oh! goodee! goodee! now we can have something to eat, and JANE can have a new frock! Oh! dear me! where is the money?" "Oh! my dear, I sold Boace for $50, but I took it in two pups at $25 apiece." We shouldn't wonder if the holders of your Treasury Notes would prefer to keep old Boace! Such finance is worthy of the unblushing defender of Mississippi Repudiation. You know Mr. DAVIS that not one of those bonds will ever be paid except in cats and dogs. Remember that Governments can trifle with the *liberties* of people much longer than they can with their *pockets.*

You declare that "the very efforts he (your adversary) makes to isolate and invade us, must exhaust his means, whilst they serve to complete the circle, and diversify the productions of our industrial system." Pretty small circle! you despise the labor of free men. Slavery never did and never can make a diversified industrial system. Such a system cannot live without foreign commerce, and yours is cut off, and cannot be restored until you return to your allegiance. In spite of all you say to the contrary, the merchants and journals of New Orleans (your great port) say that not three ships have entered or left that port for months together; and the only evidence that your seaports are not sown with salt is that the grass is growing in their streets.

Mr. DAVIS you ought to have known how terrible a work you undertook, when you so coolly plotted the overthrow of this beneficent Government! If you had been either a sailor, a soldier or a statesman, you would sooner have cut off your own right arm than have lifted its puny and shrivelled muscles to make war against the best and the strongest Government on the face of the earth.

It would have been in better taste, if you had said nothing about the barbarities of the war. You began them, and you have practised them all. You have turned whole districts into deserts, and driven thousands of Union men from their homes. You have massacred their owners, you have stolen their goods and confiscated their estates. They and their sons have been dragged into your armies, and compelled to fight against the Republic of their fathers. So far from the course of justice having been interfered with in the Free States, Law never was more perfectly administered, nor justice more fairly dealt out. The whole structure of civil life has stood unshaken and undisturbed—*At the South you know that Law, Justice and equity have been utterly subverted and overthrown!* Everybody here is safe except traitors—in the South a Union man is a doomed man until the Flag of the Union once more floats over his dwelling.

We knew you were no better lawyer than statesman. But we thought you would hardly risk the satire of every jurist in the world by such a display of your ignorance of International Law. You can have read little of the works of English Jurists, and if possible, heard less. We leave your opinions on this subject to the tender mercies of the Law advisers of the crown.

For the present we leave you with a few words. It would be a deep insult to many true and great men at the South to assume that you took the helm by their willing consent. You had this advantage; your presumption made you first in the field, and what you lacked in personal merit or public favor, you made up in audacity. You stood nearest the magazine, and you held the match. Others stood aside for your candle to go out. Any desperate man could have done the same thing with the same success. There was nothing original in this mode of doing business. Many a bad man of not half your parts, has played the same trick with better grace.

All through your heated restless life, you have had but one object in view—one goal to win. To make other men think better of you than you thought of yourself. Your chief misfortune consists in your having tried a job you are not equal to. SAMSON was far luckier; for when he threw his gigantic arms around the columns of the Temple of the Philistines he dragged the whole structure to the dust. The name of the wretch who burned the dome of Ephesus lived longer in history than his who raised it. But remember that Actæon was torn to pieces by his own hounds. To-day you inspire more terror in the midnight chambers of the South than MCCLELLAN. Look to your own hounds. When the vengeance which fate has laid up for you, like all other traitors, lights upon your head, the ministers of justice will come from your own household. The men you have deceived will sit in judgment when your day of reckoning comes.

Yours,

V. F.

"In Hoc Signo."

The Rebels want a new flag.

The present one, they say, looks too much like the old concern.

That is, like the flag of Freedom, Constitutional Law, Union, and things of National pride and glory generally.

We don't wonder they are ashamed to look it in the face any longer.

They ask that their new flag shall be as different from "this as the wit of man can devise."

There is no necessity for a new stretch of invention, it seems to us.

They have such a flag, already "devised" as if specially for the occasion.

And have shown quite a partiality for it of late.

We refer to the Black Flag. Let them hoist the "skull and bones" with its sable field. Nothing could be more appropriate, nor more totally different from the glorious Stars and Stripes. Up with the "Black Flag!"

Call-Birds.

Two of the street occupations of New York may literally be termed Callings—that of the licensed vegetable vender, and that of the milkman.

The former generally calls things by their right names, however: that is, he calls a cauliflower a cauliflower, and never thinks of passing it off for a carrot.

But the other man does nothing of the kind—not, at least, if the direful yell with which he ushers in the morn is intended to represent the word Milk.

Sartorial.

One report of the past week informed us that "the rebels claim to have Breached the walls of Fort Pickens," while from another we gathered that—"Nashville is the new seat of Government, Congress is now Repairing there."

One way or another, there appears to be a good deal of patching going on among them, which is not to be wondered at, considering that they wear out their seats of government so fast.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

Corporal.—CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER? BAH! THINK OF YOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES OF LAND!

Private.—YES, CORPORAL, BUT I'M DARNED IF I WANT TO CARRY IT ALL ON MY PERSON!

Epigram.

ON J. D. HIS MESSAGE.

"I'd lik[e] to know the reason why,
JEFF DA[VIS] told this monstrous lie;
Was i[t] to raise his hope?"
"You k[now] him not, my verdant friend,
This *lye* [was] for another end—
It wa[s] to raise the soap!"

Homœopathetic Dose.

The sys[tem] of physical training recommended by Dr. WINDSHIP is likely to work a complete [re]form in medical practice. Homœopathi[sts] discern in it a clear analogy to their own [p]rinciples, and there is quite an excitemen[t] among that school of practitioners, since [D]r. WINDSHIP has succeeded in curing a [d]af man by the judicious use of Dumb bel[ls].

Enigmatical.

The las[t] foreign advices quote the Paris Bourse as [f]irm and higher," and "Rentes" as "advan[ced]."

We con[fe]ss that we are unable to account for this ris[e] in the French funds, in the face of the si[m]ultaneous announcement, that, "the inco[m]ing minister of Finance is certain to be Fou[r]."

Give and Take.

The Reb[els] say they will give no quarters in Charles[to]n. Well, Uncle Sam may, for all that, t[a]ke up his quarters there. It is also more [t]han probable that he will, in return, com[p]el them to take the bit.

Davis's Straits.

Between [R]ichmond and Nashville.

THE TWO D'S.

The Father of Lies is supposed to be a certain ancient personage whose first initial is the capital D; from his evil propensities he is generally known as the evil D, or the Devil. So at least Tradition says, though we think there must be some mistake in the relationship, or that the office of paternity meant less then, than it does now. The real Father of Lies, (meaning of course the greatest as well as the first of liars,) is not the party in question, but another D, who, from his being the greatest liar in his section, the *rara avis* of falsehood, was known among his contrabands as "de avis," or DAVIS, as the gallows bird now calls himself.

We picture DAVIS among his Confederates in Richmond, as the great English poet pictures the other D among *his* Confederates in Pandemonium.

"High on a throne of cotton bales, for which
The mouths of Bovine John and silent Nap
Water, as well they may, so sore their need
To feed their starving operatives, dangerous class;
DAVIS exalted sits, by lying raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high; uplifted beyond hope, aspires,
Beyond thus high insatiate to pursue
Vain war with LINCOLN, and by Beaufort untaught
His southern highfalutin thus displays."

Then follows his message, which is as much above the message of the earlier rebel in lying, as it is below it in talent. This, however, was to have been expected, for the Devil is no fool— a compliment we can not pay Davis.

Bad State of the Departments Heads.

A Washington correspondent says: "The Heads of Departments have been so much annoyed by visitors, that they have not been able to commence their annual reports." MASON and SLIDELL who have come back with uncommonly large fleas in their ears, appear to be in a similar predicament.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

SONGS ON MANY KEYS. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: TICKNOR & FIELDS.

"If I were not ALEXANDER, I would be DIOGENES," the conqueror of the world is reported to have said one day, after visiting the tub of that surly philosopher. So with ourselves; if we were not VANITY FAIR we would be Dr. HOLMES.

From the earliest period of adolescence his songs have been our delight. We have been "round with him on the famous Tread Mill; have shared his pants of sorrow on the loss of his favorite breaches, an incident "more honored in the breach, than the observance;" and have wept and smiled over his Lost Leaf, which, like the music of Duke ORSINI, had "a dying fall." We rejoiced in the success of his Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and had he followed it as we hoped he would, with the Democrat of the Dinner Table, nothing would have been too great for his desert. We ourselves would have illustrated it with plates!

His last volume hath set itself to music, and goes singing along its way. It hath indeed many keys, as he saith, the least of which will unlock the hearts of his readers. He hath picked the wards of ours, and sits in its warmest chamber, hob and nob with its kindliest thoughts, its tenderest affections. A health, then, to this wonderful HOBBS, and his golden keys of Song!

THE LAMPLIGHTER'S STORY: HUNTED DOWN: THE DETECTIVE POLICE; AND THE NOUVELLETTES. By CHARLES DICKENS. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON.

"The Lamplighter's Story," the latest that Mr. DICKENS has written, smells of the midnight oil. "Hunted Down" is a leaf from his life, showing how he was hunted down by the enterprising publisher of a popular journal, (whom he need not name It,) and finally captured by his ledgerdermain. "[It] is a tale of Life Insurance, or, as they say in England, Assurance—the word of all others, in this instance. "The Detective Police" describes a night which Mr. DICKENS passed with JAMES T. FIELDS, whom he christens, strangely enough, *Inspector* FIELDS. (Quere, Custom House?) "The Other Nouvellettes" we have not read, though we remember to have seen some of them the dickens knows where!

PICKET DUTY IS NOT SO HARD AFTER YOU GET USED TO IT.

THE CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD.

OVER THE RIVER TO CAMDEN.

We start on our journey. We leave the Philadelphia wood-shed with its intricately confused avenues of animate and inanimate nuisances, its noisily gesticulating hack-drivers, and its gallows-like steamboat ships. We bid it a kind adieu as fearfully, and in trembling anticipation of being smashed, we brush past an elderly white mule with one eye, who drags over the plank one of the little one-story cottages, filled with men's and women's raiment done up in appropriate packages. The old mule gives us a knowing wink, as much as to say "old chap, look out for your corns!" Ah! old mule, many corns hast thou flattened out! Many old women and tender youths hast thou scared, almost causing them to leap into the water, as thou didst rattle and thunder upon them with thine old baggage crate! Stand to one side, thou whitish mule!

The dangers of the mule are over. We are on the Ferry Boat. Breathless and thankful for deliverance, we subside into a cushioned seat, with elbows of iron to keep fat people from sitting down, and lean people from lying down. We gaze at our fellow travellers. One after another comes in with breathless gratitude for deliverance from being smashed by the mule. The shop window is opened for the sale of tickets. The brother who tends shop never was taught "not to do more than one thing at a time," for the shop has two windows, one for the refined kid gloved ones who come inside, the other for rude and mobbish outsiders.. He deals with both at the same time, and sometimes has a man at each window scolding him. He bears it with stoic firmness.

The Boat is a good one. She was put on two or three years ago to take the place of an old rip which was a disgrace to the Mono Poly and to decent society. This present boat was called the "States Rights," after her ancient predecessor; but when the rebels took Sumter last Spring, the Mono Poly got out their pot of paint, and painted the word United on top of the former name; (as they always want to be on the right side in their politics.) Now it reads thus :—

UNITED
STATES RIGHTS.

But the buckets and fire-axes still wear the old name. There was not paint enough to put on all of them.

The Boat has two apartments. One labelled "Ladies," the other "Gentlemen." The steamboat definition of the former is, all persons who do not smoke; of the latter, those persons who make themselves so nasty with tobacco, that others do not want to be in the same room with them. In the room where the smoking is done there is an eating shop, where you can buy one mutton chop for one shilling, bread and grease extra.

We sail. The thing does move. The wood-shed is left in the distance. We pass through the classic waters of the canal which is cut through the sylvan premises of Smith's Island. We near the wood-shed at Camden. Tremendous wood-shed! From a distance (say six miles) it appears to be made of brown stone and marble. Approaching it we find no brown stone, save in the earthy matters which compose the paint on the outside. But in the inside we do recognize one of the constituent parts of marble, not in that form of solidity, however, which quarried marble presents, but smeared upon the timbers with long handled brushes, by laborious negroes at one dollar per day and found in victuals.

Our Steamboat ride is done. The transhipment of the travellers and their effects to wheeled vehicles now is to take place. The Boat butts up end foremost to the Camden wood-shed. The crowd which has filled the front of the Boat, is now compressed into a space of 3 feet 6 inches, which is the width of the alley through which all must pass. A gray-haired man stands by with calm dignity, holding a rope which is for the boundary line between passengers and mules. He looks serious, as if he would give out three verses of a psalm. But the people stop not to sing it. Well do they know that not one car seat more than is actually necessary is provided for them. And they fear (from ugly experience that there may not be enough. So they rush, and push, and squeeze, and scrouge, with more haste than dignity; with more impatience than comfort. Your toes are tramped on. Tobacco smoke is puffed into your nostrils and eyes. Your ribs are punched. Your feelings are riled. And all because the passage is too narrow by four feet. Narrow as it is, it grows yet narrower.

There is a wicket gate through which you must pass, and as you pass, show your ticket to the sandy-bearded official who stands behind it ready to shut it on you if you don't show up. Your ticket is in your innermost pocket; the crowd punch and elbow you so that you can't get at it. You stand and feel for it, while fifty others rush past you and get all the good seats in the cars. "Tickets, pleeeze, Tickets pleeze," says the little man. He keeps on saying it all the time. We never heard him say anything else; and we believe that he talks in his sleep, saying the same all night. And now for a rush to the cars! Is there a seat left? Hold! A savage mule with crate behind him thunders at your heels, making the cobwebby old wood-shed shake to its foundations. By a desperate leap you clear it. Thankful for this new deliverance, you bolt into the nearest car. It is car A. Your ticket says "car B." Out of car A this minute, if you would escape the wrath of the conductor! Into car B! Now stay there till we see you next week.

ANECDOTES OF THE REBEL COMMISSIONERS.

(BY THE UNDER GROUND TELEGRAPH FROM BOSTON.)

When the frowning walls of Fort Warren met the eye of the Arch Conspirator, SLIDELL, he shuddered, and asked its name.

"That's our WARREN," said Col. DIMMICK gravely.

"'Od rabbit it, you don't say so," ejaculated the Rebel Emissary, a grim smile passing over his sunken features.

"He's a hare-brained fellow," said a gentleman, evidently an old line whig (wig?), who overheard him.

This remark, which was meant to be punnish, subjected the rebel sympathizer to punishment.

"How shall I get out, I wonder?" asked MASON, as he passed the last sentry, and the gate closed behind him.

"Only by an order from Washington," answered Col. DIMMICK, breaking the silence again.

"A secret order will release *you*, sir," said his Secretary, EUSTIS.

"What is it?" inquired the haughty Virginian.

"Free Masonry."

"I shouldn't mind being a free Mason again, eh, SLIDELL, should you?" &c., &c.

[V. F. returns his thanks to the young gentleman who sent him the above, and begs to inquire if it was not intended for the C———l M———y?]

One of the "Roughs."

It is stated that when our sailors landed at Fort Walker, the only opposition they met with was from a little, rough terrier, who received them with a bow, to which he immediately added a wow, however, in expression of his dogged determination to defend the place. This brave animal has since taken the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government, which he was easily persuaded to do, as, being of the Skye breed, he does not think that there are stars enough on the Confederate flag to warrant him in maintaining a Sirius attitude for it.